An Historical

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Life, Birth, Parentage, and Converſation,

Of that celebrated BEAU

Handſome *Fealding*:

Being a full Character of all his Tranſactions in the Service both of *Mars* and *Venus*, from his firſt being took notice of in *London*, till his Divorce from the Dutcheſs of C—*d*, by reaſon of his being firſt Marry'd to *Mary Wadſworth* a Jilt of the Town before, for which he was Try'd and Convicted at the *Old Baly*: Alſo you have here an Account of ſeveral ſharp Actions committed by him ſince his Separation to ſupport him to the time of his Death; with an Elegy and Epitaph, and other matters too tedious to be related.

Licenſed according to Order.

London, Printed for *T. Palmer*, in *Cornhill*, 1707.

An Historical Account of the Life, &c.

MR. *R——t F——g* (the subject of our following discourse) was born of pretty good Parents at *Rygat* in *Surrey*, his Father being a Gentleman of about 4 or 5 Hundred a Year, and brought up this his Son to so much good Literature as qualified him to be enter'd heretofore into the honourable Societies of one of the *Temples*; but not brooking the crabbed poring on *Cook* upon *Littleton*, *Fleta*, and other Authors, he retired from that Study, and drew nearer the Court, living for some time in *Scotland-Yard*, where he resided for some time in the Station of a Justice of Peace for the Liberty of *Westminster*, being advanced thereto by King *Charles* the Second, and becoming a Courtier, he was by that Prince distinguisht from other Gentlemen, by the Title of Handsome *F——g*. Which Name drawing the Eyes of several Gentlewomen to take notice of his Person, he made his Addresses to them, and finding a greater Profit accruing to him, than by being a Justice of Peace, he lay'd aside that Office, and gave himself wholy up to Love and Wine, and through the whole Course of his Life after made *Venus* and *Bacchus* the only Idols of his Passions.

But after the Death of King *Charles* temporizing with a great many others, he thereby became a Favourite of King *James*, by whom he was advanced to some Places at Court, for obtaining which he turn'd a Papist; and so Zealous was he for that Cause, that when the Mobb rise to pull down the Popish Chappel at St. *John's*, he headed a Troop of Horse, cloathed himself all in Buff, to oppose them, where he so manfully behaved himself, in the midst of Stones and

Bric

Brickbats, that he retreated with so much good Order as not to lose a Man, which gain'd him a great deal of Reputation among such Men that car'd as little for fighting as himself.

After the Revolution he lay some time dormant, till by the help of some Friends he got to be a Major General, in which Post he behaved himself with so much Conduct, that I never heard of any Battle that ever he was engaged in, except in the Wars of *Venus*; at which he was somewhat dextrous, as it was manifest by the many good Pensions he received from the Female Sex, of whose good Favours he was so much opinionated, as to think every Woman that lookt upon him was in Love with him. This matter is somewhat verefied in once walking in the *Mall*, when asking his Footman whether his Sword touch'd his right Heel, and if the Ladies ogled him, his Man telling him, yes, why then (quoth *F*——*g*) let them die for Love and be D——.

'Tis true as for his Manhood, has shew'd several very great Exploits, as first his running through a poor Link-Boy, to save the Charges of Lighting him Home; next in pretending to Cane a Gentleman in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* Playhouse, who made no more to do, but drew and wounded *F*——*g* in several places of his Body; and lastly, when he was Impertinent on the Stage, that the Ladies might take notice of him, he gave several of the Actors the trouble of kicking him off the Stage; but to give him his real Due in point of Courage, it was never more shew'd than in a Tavern, and that on the Drawers, because he knew they durst not strike again, for fear of their Master losing a Customer.

As for his Valour against a Baliff, to which shift he has been as often put as any one, especially by Taylors,

fore, he was ever as calm as a Lamb; unless it was when C——g the Taylor napt him in the *Pall-Mall*; but by the Assistance of a Captain then on the Guards at St. *James's*, and some Grenadiers he was timely rescued, or otherwise must have gone to Goal, where he might some time have remain'd without Bail or Mainprize; and have been as hard put to it for Sustenance as a Journey-Man Taylor from between Bartholomew Tide and Christmas.

Now as for one part of his Pride, which relates to his Livery before he Married the *D.* of *C.* to carry on that Match he only hired a Coach, but kept two Footmen, who as they might be known to what Fop they belong'd to, they were Cloath'd in Yellow, and as Foppishly wore black Sashes, which he bought at a cheap Rate, as being only old mourning Hat-bands, bought of such as cry about the Streets, old Suits or Cloaths.

As for his Habit, he always went very brave, and had so many change of suits (though not paying for them) that his Creditors scarce knowing of him, they were in a doubt to know whether he was the same Man they formerly dealt withal. In his Apparel also he was always something singular from other Men, because he would be took particular notice of by all People. And being a Man of a mean Fortune, he at last so far ingratiated himself into the Dutchess of C—— Favour as to obtain her Grace for his Wife; then thinking it would never be Day, he most extravagantly wasted the Dutchess's Effects, to support his rioting with lewd Women, and abused her Grace in a most violent manner; for which he

wa

was took up, and being carry'd before the Lord Chief Justice *H*----*t*, he was by his Lordship committed to *Newgate*.

Some time after this coming out upon Sureties, he was examin'd at the Queen's Bench Bar at *Westminster* on *Wednesday* the 23*d* of *October* 1706. being the first Day of *Michaelmas* Term, where her Grace (attended by her Son and Grandson the Dukes of *Northumberland* and *Grafton*) appearing against him, he was obliged to give in sufficient Bail for the answering to the Charge laid against him by the Dutchess, the latter end of the abovesaid Term, he being accus'd with the most barbarous misusing his Wife the Dutchess, as abusing her in several hemous Respects, taking what she had from her in a most violent manner, and frequently drawing his Sword upon her Grace, threatning to Kill her, and swearing that it was no more Sin to kill her than it was to kill a Dog, insomuch, that beside his several other Insolences, her Grace went in danger of her Life.

F-----*g's* Allegations to this Accusation being slight and very frivolous, Captain *Courtney* and *William Robinson* stood bound for his fresh appearance, and then the Dutchess of *C*----- leaving the Court, she was led through *Westminster-Hall* by the Duke of *Northumberland*, having a Tipstaff to clear the way for her to her Coach, and respected all through the Hall by the Gentlemen, whilst *F*---*g* was ignominiously houted out of *Palace-Yard*.

After

After this at a Sessions but one, held at the *Old Baily* before *Christmas*, 1707, *F---g* was indicted for having two Wives, being first Marry'd to one *Mary Wadsworth*, a Jilt of the Town, and next to the *Dutchess of C----d*, the other being still living; the Tryal was very long, and his Excuses for having his first Marriage void, was that he was in a private House betrothed to *Mary Wadsworth* after the Rites of the Church of *Rome*, and that she had another Husband living at the same time; but all this not availing him, and it being plainly prov'd that he was Married to both, the Jury went out, and after a little consulting on the matter, they brought him in guilof Fellony; but producing a Pardon for his Crime, he escaped the Punishment of burning in the Hand.

Next a Divorce being su'd, whereby the Dutchess of *C---d* got rid of her loose Spark, then behold the quick Downfal of our superannuated *Beau*, for he was not less than Sixty odd Years of Age; all his Foppishness vanisht in a trice; his House was soon shut up; he made no more Tours in a Calash through *London* all Day long, that the Citizens might view his Vanity, whilst the Mobb hooted at him like an Owl in an Ivy Bush: The Playhouses were rid of a prodigal Spectator; the Chocolate-Houses of a troublesome Guest; the Taverns of a bad Customer, and the Coffee-House of a Prating Companion. All his vain Glory, flew strait into Air; and in a Week's time

e the Name of Handſome *F--g* was no more
k'd of, than if no ſuch Fop had never been.
Now handſome *F---g* being reduced to a low
o of Fortune, an dnot brooking his Diſgraces,
s ſaid he lived incognito (but very meanly) in
Hampſhire; ſome ſay he retired to *Holland*, where
s reported) he ſoon died for want of Breath;
owever let him be either Dead or Alive, the
llowing *Elegy* and *Epitaph* will ſuit the Occaſi-
n in either State.

BEAU F----g's *ELEGY.*

YE rampant Ladies now prepare your Eyes,
To ſhed ſome Tears, and pay a Sacrifice
Of Grief to Love, ſince he is ſurely dead,
That would give Guineas for a Maidenhead.
Shop-keepers Wives, and Exchange Wenches too,
With Grief not feign'd their Sorrows all purſue:
For Handſome F-----g's *really fled away*
From this Receptacle of common Clay.
Hold, ſtop my Muſe, I mean to us he's dead,
For ſince incognito the Beau is fled,
He may into a Grave as well be hurl'd,
So bid adieu for good and all, the World.
No more a while this general Lover will
Your ardent Wiſhes offer to fullfil,
The ſight of all his leering, ogling Eyes
Will ſcarce your longing ſighs again ſuffice;
Nor will his wheadling Tongue your Chaſtity
Invade, and lure to his Indecency.

Nor

Nor shall his Billet-Douxes fly about
To tempt the pretty Females he found out,
But now I think on it again, refrain
From weeping when you tend his Funeral Train,
For as his antient Tears has chill'd his Blood
I think to Venus *he can do no good.*
With great Discretion would our Beau take care
To address the charming features of the Fair;
Nay, whether Wife or Maid our Spark wou'd kiss
For nothing to his Palate came amiss.
As for the guzling, tipling, drinking Part,
Of genteel Drunkenness he had the Art;
Next as his darling Sin he hugged Pride,
That headlong to his Father he might ride.

The EPITAPH.

I F F---g is Dead,
And lies under this Stone,
That he is not alive,
You may lay two to one;
But if he's alive,
And do's not lie here,
Let him live till he's hang'd,
For no Man do's care.

FINIS.